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Mines and Mining

THE COPPER CENTER

(Continued From First Page.)

For weeks Mr. Wemple has been writing to relatives in the east who bought Spanzuma stock upon representations made by agents of the company. His name, who resides in Michigan, and has saved considerable money from his earnings as a school teacher, invested \$5,000 in this stock, and her father wanted to mortgage his farm to buy stock but his wife refused to sign the mortgage. Mr. Wemple's efforts to discourage investment in the part of his relatives were of no avail, and they are numbered among the victims of this fraudulent mining deal. It was this credulous class who the agents of Spanzuma sought out, and no doubt many other residents of Arizona will find that friends and relatives in the east have fallen into this trap.

Francis M. Macmasters of Los Angeles has purchased the Tres Amigos mine in this county and will begin at once to make it a producing mine.

Mining men who own claims and producing mines in the Patagonia district, the Harshaw and Washington camps, are interested in the outcome of the case which is on trial before the United States land court now sitting in Tucson, which involves title to their properties in a cloud of uncertainty. It appears from the evidence that a grant was claimed by Mexicans of 20,000 acres of agricultural and grazing lands, the boundaries of which did not reach the rich mineral districts which have since been opened up. Prospects located claims throughout these rich districts and carefully avoided the monuments which marked the concession which the Mexicans claimed. After years of development some excellent mines have been made there, but it appears that the locators of claims did not calculate the boundaries of the grant right. Instead of a nearly 20,000 acres of agricultural land, the gigantic proportions and includes all of the rich mining districts mentioned above. Senator Cameron and Colin Cameron are interested in the great concession which they claim was granted by the government. The government concedes that a concession was granted and the question which is to be decided is that of its boundary. The fact that the government issued patents to mining claims as early as 1875 to claim owners in these districts shows that it regarded the concession as purely agricultural and the mineral sections were not included.

This grant is known as the San Rafael de la Zanja. If the government loses in this case a blow will be dealt the mining interests of southern Arizona which it will not recover from in many years. Investors in these districts will cast their fortunes in these districts will lose faith in the stability of this section of the territory. The mines whose titles are involved in this case and their approximate values follow:

World's Fair, \$500,000; Duquesne group of seven claims, \$1,000,000; Pride of the West (later purchased by the Westinghouse people), \$125,000; Belmont, \$100,000; Mowery group, \$75,000; Guajolote, \$50,000; Pool group, \$90,000; San Antonio, \$75,000; Hard-shell group, \$50,000; Hermosa, group, \$15,000; Trench, \$25,000; Alta, \$20,000; American, \$10,000; Blue Nose, \$5,000; Bull Whacker, \$1,000; Ohio, \$5,000; Paymaster, \$5,000; Empire, \$40,000; Silver Bell, \$10,000; Dave Neal group, \$5,000; Ella No. 2, \$2,000; Holland, \$16,000; Double Standard, \$15,000; Wabash, \$5,000.

The total valuation of the mining properties mentioned above is \$2,220,000. These values are inclined to be lower than a visitor to the districts and one who is familiar with the mines would place upon them. The enormous wealth represented is but a portion of what these districts produced in an undeveloped condition. Many of the mines have mills and the most of them are equipped in some manner for mining. The Alta group alone has five thousand feet of work in shafts, tunnels and drifts, and the Pride of the West is extensively developed and equipped. The Duquesne properties have the most complete service equipment of any mine of its importance in the southwest. Sales have been made in these districts of late and it is largely to the front. While there is naturally an interest in the case, mining men believe that the government will prove that the boundaries of the grant were not intended to include the mineral lands upon which patents have been granted from time to time during the past twenty-five years.

GEORGE H. SMALLEY.

MINING NOTES.

The late George Hearst bought the Washington mine in 1880 for \$40,000, but afterwards abandoned it, as the amount of silver in the ore was not sufficient to pay, and everybody was then mining for silver. Large bodies of what was called "mud" were encountered, and this was thrown over the dump as worthless. It has since been shown that this "mud" carries 15 per cent copper, and it was as a copper mine that it was sold the other day to Denver capitalists for \$120,000. After the property was abandoned by Mr. Hearst it was relocated by Frank Olsen and Jerry Norvell as the Pride of the West, and it is now shipping forty tons of ore daily at a big profit. The mine is in Washington Camp, which is named after it. Thus it will be seen that even such a successful mining man as George Hearst, who died worth ten millions, occasionally made a mistake. Yet he once told the writer, who was well acquainted with him,

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ing but an owl and coyotes," I said. "Indians," he said. "Notice the owl gives one more heat in his call than usual. It's the Kid's red friends signaling to him that they are near." Just then we heard one of the guards cut in the darkness call a halt and in a second more the report of a gun was heard. Then the whole camp was in arms ready for an attack. The sentinel said he had shot at a black object crawling in the brush and when search was made the body was found. The man was a wounded Indian was found who, upon being carried to the camp fire, proved to be a woman. As she was laid down by the campfire the Kid raised himself on his elbow and spoke in his language to her, and then he commenced the low, plaintive death wail.

The woman's wound was examined by the surgeon, who pronounced it to be a mortal one, and in less than half an hour she was dead.

From what the scout could understand the Kid was singing the death song of his mother, who had been killed while trying to assist in his escape.

In two days more the troop reached the fort; then the Kid's wound received good attention and his leg soon commenced to heal. During the months that followed the Kid learned the ways of the soldiers and was an adept at stringing cuss words together in the most picturesque and abrupt manner, and although society was not much around the fort at this time, still the Kid's native costume of a breech clout and paint was considered altogether too scanty, even by some of the troopers who several times forced him to dress more becoming to "civilization." So the Kid would be made to wear some of the soldiers' discarded uniform clothing, but this forced refusal never lasted at the most but a few days, for the contempt which the Kid did not fail to show for anything in the shape of clothing always made him rebel and he would then be found as naked as when first wounded in the rocks.

While slightly friendly with some of the soldiers who did him kindly acts, there were others who were hardly so, and there was one especially who, if he spoke to him, raised all the devilish looks that the Kid possessed. This man was Private Hogen, the guard who shot the Kid's mother.

No favors were ever received by the Kid from Hogen and it became a by-word among the troopers that "the Kid had hell in his heart for Hogen." As the months passed by the Kid seemed to become more reconciled to camp life, and when his leg became sound again and he showed no disposition to run away to his people, when he had the opportunity to do so, and of his own accord denied a request in addition to his breech clout and paint as part of his wearing apparel, we made up our minds that the Kid knew when he had a soft snap and intended to stay with us. With plenty to eat and nothing to do in the way of work the life of the Kid, for amusement, was to hunt with his bow and arrows in the hills near by and his experience kept the mess kettle filled with small game. In fact the Kid spent about all his time using his bow and arrows and for hours he would shoot at the head of an imaginary man armed with a gun, which he had roughly drawn on a board.

The rapidity with which an Indian can shoot arrows from a war bow is astonishing to one who for the first time sees a warrior doing his best in shooting fast. Taking two arrows in the left hand, which holds the bow, and one on the string, and holding three by their shafts in his mouth he will shoot the six arrows quicker than an expert can shoot the same number of shots from a Winchester.

The Kid, by continual practice, became an expert and this satisfaction which it gave him to be able to put every arrow, while a hundred feet away, a full inch into the board where the head of the figure was represented was plainly seen. When asked who the figure on the board was meant for, he would say "the Apache." The Apaches were the hereditary foes of the Navajos, but when asked why he made the Apache with a gun instead of with a bow and arrows with which they fought, he was silent.

Occasionally the Kid would return to his original costume by discarding the soldier's uniform and then he considered a great advance toward civilization. Then for days he would appear only in breech clout and paint and for hours shoot his arrows into the head of the figure on the board with such apparent malignity that one could hardly help believing the Kid imagined he was killing a real enemy. Nearly every week found our company out after the Navajos, at such times the Kid remaining at the fort. If we did not always find the Indians we usually found their hastily deserted villages or caches of supplies which were destroyed. Their ponch trees were cut down and their gardens of corn and pumpkins were devastated. So closely were the Indians present at all times for food and rest after their villages were destroyed that in 1897-98 they sued for peace.

Now came the time when several of the soldiers were to be discharged, and account of the expiration of their terms of enlistment, and among these men was Hogen; Hogen was to stand guard duty for the last time one night, for in the morning he was to receive his discharge, and with natural happiness he came to the soldier when he was going to be discharged after long service, Hogen, as we sat by the camp fire told his plans for the future. "He would go back to God's country and see his mother, and he would only answer to the roll call of a girl who was to be his wife when he got back home. No more soldiering after Indians for me," and

he would leave all the boys with kind feelings. Even the Kid who wished well. But the Kid, who sat near by and understood, said nothing. "Taps for lights out," was sounded and Hogen with the detail of men for his last guard duty fled away to his post. The other soldiers sought their blankets and in the darkness the morning when the detail went to relieve the guard Hogen was not walking on his beat and one of the soldiers in the darkness stumbled over something and lighting a match he looked down into the bloody face of Hogen from whose head stuck an arrow, one of the Kid's arrows. All knew his arrows by a peculiar mark. The body was carried into camp and search was made for the Kid, but he was not to be found; he had disappeared, taking his bows and arrows. He had crawled from his blanket and in the darkness except upon Hogen's shot the fatal arrow and avenged his mother's killing.

In the morning friendly Indian runners were put on the Kid's trail with the promise of a good reward if they would bring him back dead or alive. The trail led directly to the mountains. The Indian runners came back at night saying they could not find the Kid. All they did find was the Kid's shirt, which he had shed in his flight. He had left in his war paint and breech clout. The Kid never was found by the whites. It was said he hid in one of the caves of the Colorado where his people from the reservation visited him and kept him supplied with food. It was afterwards reported that he was killed in a gambling dispute by one of his own tribe.

SALVATION MARRIAGES

"Lassie" Officers Must Not Wed Below Their Rank.

When a young woman becomes an officer in the Salvation Army she surrenders, to an extent, her free choice in the matter of a husband to the good of the cause she has pledged herself to serve. It takes some time and trouble and expense to become an officer in the army, and they must not be less than 17 years old, and they should not be over 35, but this is modified frequently.

The cadet must serve four months in the training school, and may not, after all, make the requisite examination. These four months are not spent in an easy, lolling away in the barracks with a makeshift of study. There are not alone lectures to be attended, but the "lassie" is supposed to earn her living, that is, earn the actual cost of her food by selling War Crys. The life is hard, and requires great devotion to the cause, industry and perseverance. If at the end, or before the end of her probation she retires or is retired by her superiors, all the time spent in the school has been wasted. When she graduates and is made a lieutenant, she is supposed to give her services to the army for at least three years, to be zealous in the cause and obedient to her superiors.

It is against the rules of the army for an officer to wed her inferior in rank. There are said to be occasional disagreements in the best regulated families, and a better man might receive commands from her captain husband and not rebel, for women have been schooled for so many generations to the idea of obedience to the husband. But if the case were reversed, and the captain-wife should be obliged to command her lieutenant husband in public, or worse yet, put her soldier-husband in the guard house, family trouble, separation and possibly divorce might follow.

General Booth is a great believer in matrimony. For the proposed farm colony which he explained in his "Through Darker Gates" as a "Way Out of It," the general even advocated a matrimonial bureau. Nevertheless, it is conceded that the value to the army of a woman is lessened when she becomes a wife. She then adds to her duties, and, besides, these of wifehood and possibly motherhood.

Should a handsome young colonel (lassie) fall in love with a mere soldier in the ranks, and the two of them make up their minds that existence isn't worth while unless they exist together, they carry their troubles to the officer in command of their division, who investigates the case. Even if there can be nothing found against the young man except the difference in rank between him and his sweetheart, the young woman has to wait or resign. In any case, even when their ranks are equal, the two young lovers must wait a year after their engagement has been publicly announced.

If the young woman is fully determined to marry her soldier and not to resign her position in the army she makes her decision known, and no doubt goes up a peg or two in the estimation of her superiors, who once set themselves about helping her in any way in their power. This can be done in only one way, and that is by taking her young soldier lover in hand, giving him plenty to do, which, if he does well, is made the basis for his promotion. But even with the best of good luck some years of waiting must be passed before the two can marry. Every care is taken in the Salvation Army that its officers do not make unwise marriages. The ordinary soldier enjoys the privileges that are usually accorded to matrimony by marrying whomsoever he pleases—New York Sun.

TWO FALSE STATEMENTS.

When ex-Senator Peffer says that the chief cause of popular hostility to railroads is that, while the true value of the railroads in the country is five billion dollars, the capitalized value is eleven billions, and that the people have to pay tolls on the companies' debts as well as the property used in their business, he makes two statements for which there is no warrant. The railroads, as may be proved by any good statistician on the subject, are not capitalized in the sum of six billions more than their true value, and the people are not taxed to pay interest on the true value and the excess value combined, for it has been many years since the railroads have been to pay even a moderate rate of interest on assessed values, to say nothing of either capitalized or true values. If Mr. Peffer would take the trouble to read some of the reports of the interstate commerce commission he might be heard in his discussion of railroad subjects.—Providence Journal.

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